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THE WORKS OF WALTER SCOTT,

VOL. LXXXIII.

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THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.



VOL. LXXXIII.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1825.



W O R S

WALTER SCOTT & CO.



VOL. LXVIII

DAMAGED AND REPAIRED

STATIONER

PRINTED FOR THE BROTHERS SCHUBERT

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BALLADS  
AND  
LYRICAL PIECES.

BY  
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.



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AND

LYRICAL PIECES

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*These Ballads have been already published in different collections, some in the MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER, others in the TALES OF WONDER, and some in both these Miscellanies. They are now first collected into one Volume. The Songs have been written at different times for the Musical Collections of MR GEORGE THOMSON and MR WHITE.*



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other remained, and another of the  
singers, continued to play upon a harp, or  
lute, some strains, connected to the  
Virgin Mary, at length ceased, and the  
temperatures remained. Searching in the forest,  
he found the bones of his Helmsdale friend;  
who had been slain, as he had before  
the land, and whose name he had before  
place was from the name of the  
Clan of the

## GLENFINLAS,

OR

### LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.\*

THE tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus: While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the

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\* *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.



other remained, and suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend; who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women*.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue called the Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender, and the castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime track of Alpine scenery.



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**GLENFINLAS,**  
**OR**  
**LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.**

---

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,  
"Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;  
"They know what spirit brews the stormful day,  
"And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare,  
"To see the phantom train their secret work prepare."

---

"O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'! \*  
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,  
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;  
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

---

\* *O hone a rie'* signifies — "Alas for the prince, or chief."



O, sprung from great Macgillianore,  
The chief that never feared a foe,  
How matchless was thy broad claymore,  
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,  
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,  
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,  
As down from Lenny's Pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,  
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree;  
While youths and maids the light strathspey  
So nimbly danced, with Highland glee!

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,  
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;  
But now the loud lament we swell,  
O, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a Chieftain came,  
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,  
And chase with him the dark brown game,  
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.



'Twas Moy; whom, in Columba's isle,  
The seer's prophetic spirit found,  
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,  
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,  
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;  
And many a lay of potent tone,  
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,  
High converse with the dead they hold,  
And oft espy the fated shroud,  
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,  
To rouse the red deer from their den,  
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,  
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait, their sports to aid,  
To watch their safety, deck their board:  
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;  
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.



Three summer days, through brake and dell,  
 Their whistling shafts successful flew;  
 And still, when dewy evening fell,  
 The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook  
 The solitary cabin stood,  
 Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,  
 Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,  
 When three successive days had flown;  
 And summer mist in dewy balm  
 Steeped heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,  
 Afar her dubious radiance shed,  
 Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,  
 And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,  
 Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;  
 And pleasure laughs in Ronalds eyes,  
 As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.



— «What lack we here to crown our bliss,  
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?  
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,  
Her panting breath, and melting eye?

«To chase the deer of yonder shades,  
This morning left their father's pile  
The fairest of our mountain maids,  
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

«Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,  
And dropped the tear, and heaved the sigh:  
But vain the lover's wily art,  
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

«But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,  
While far with Mary I am flown,  
Of other hearts to cease her care,  
And find it hard to guard her own.

«Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see  
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,  
Unmindful of her charge and me,  
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.



“Or, if she chuse a melting tale,  
 All underneath the greenwood bough,  
 Will good St Oran’s rule prevail,  
 Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?” —

— “Since Enrick’s fight, since Morna’s death,  
 No more on me shall rapture rise,  
 Responsive to the panting breath,  
 Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“E’en then, when o’er the heath of woe,  
 Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,  
 I bade my harp’s wild wailings flow,  
 On me the seer’s sad spirit came.

“The last dread curse of angry heaven,  
 With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,  
 To dash each glimpse of joy, was given —  
 The gift, the future ill to know.

“The bark thou saw’st, yon summer morn,  
 So gaily part from Oban’s bay,  
 My eye beheld her dashed and torn,  
 Far on the rocky Colonsay.



“Thy Fergus too — thy sister’s son,  
 Thou saw’st, with pride, the gallant’s power,  
 As marching ’gainst the lord of Downe,  
 He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“Thou only saw’st their tartans\* wave,  
 As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,  
 Heard’st but the pibroch,\*\* answering brave  
 To many a target clanging round.

“I heard the groans, I marked the tears,  
 I saw the wound his bosom bore,  
 When on the serried Saxon spears  
 He poured his clan’s resistless roar.

“And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,  
 And bidst my heart awake to glee,  
 And court, like thee, the wanton kiss, —  
 That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

---

\* *Tartans* — The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

\*\* *Pibroch* — A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.







No Royald yet ; thought midnigh came ,  
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams ,  
As, bending o'er the dying flame ,  
He fed the watch - fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears ,  
And sudden cease their moaning howl ;  
Close pressed to Moy , they mark their fears  
By shivering limbs , and stifled growl.

Untouched the harp began to ring ,  
As softly , slowly , oped the door ;  
And shook responsive every string ,  
As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And , by the watch-fire's glimmering light ,  
Close by the Minstrel's side was seen  
An huntress maid , in beauty bright ,  
All dropping wet her robes of green.

And dropping wet her garments seem ;  
Chilled was her cheek , her bosom bare ,  
As , bending o'er the dying gleam ,  
She wrung the moisture from her hair.



With maiden blush she softly said,  
 «O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,  
 In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,  
 A lovely maid in vest of green:

«With her a Chief in Highland pride;  
 His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,  
 The mountain dirk adorns his side,  
 Far on the wind his tartans flow?»

«And who art thou? and who are they?»  
 All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:  
 «And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
 Dare you thus roam Glenfinlas' side?»

«Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,  
 Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,  
 Our father's towers o'erhang her side,  
 The castle of the bold Glengyle.

«To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,  
 Our woodland course this morn we bore,  
 And haply met, while wandering here,  
 The son of great Macgillianore.



“O aid me, then, to seek the pair,  
 Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;  
 Alone, I dare not venture there,  
 Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”

“Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;  
 Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,  
 Here will I pour midnight prayer,  
 Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”

“O first, for pity’s gentle sake,  
 Guide a lone wanderer on her way!  
 For I must cross the haunted brake,  
 And reach my father’s towers ere day.”

“First, three times tell each Ave-bead,  
 And thrice a Pater-noster say;  
 Then kiss with me the holy reed:  
 So shall we safely wend our way.”

“O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!  
 Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,  
 And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,  
 Which best befits thy sullen vow,”



«Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,  
 Thy heart was froze to love and joy,  
 When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,  
 To wanton Morna's melting eye.»

Wild stared the Minstrel's eyes of flame,  
 And high his sable locks arose,  
 And quick his colour went and came,  
 As fear and rage alternate rose.

«And thou! when by the blazing oak  
 I lay, to her and love resigned,  
 Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,  
 Or sailed ye on the midnight wind!

«Not thine a race of mortal blood,  
 Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;  
 Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,  
 Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.»

He muttered thrice St Oran's rhyme,  
 And thrice St Filsan's powerful prayer;  
 Then turned him to the eastern clime,  
 And sternly shook his coal-black hair.



And, bending o'er his harp, he flung  
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;  
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,  
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the Spirit's altering form,  
Till to the roof her stature grew;  
Then, mingling with the rising storm,  
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:  
The slender hut in fragments flew;  
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair  
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,  
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;  
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,  
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,  
As ceased the more than mortal yell;  
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood  
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.



Next, dropped from high a mangled arm;  
 The fingers strained an half-drawn blade:  
 And last, the life-blood streaming warm,  
 Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,  
 Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore;  
 That arm the broad claymore could wield,  
 Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!  
 Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!  
 There never son of Albin's hills  
 Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet  
 At noon shall shun that sheltering den,  
 Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet  
 The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we — behind the Chieftain's shield,  
 No more shall we in safety dwell;  
 None leads the people to the field —  
 And we the loud lament must swell.



O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!

The pride of Albin's line is o'er,  
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;  
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!



## NOTES ON GLENFINLAS.

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*Well can the Saxon widows tell. — P. 4. v. 2.*

The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their low-country neighbours.

*How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree. —  
P. 4. v. 3.*

The fires, lighted by the Highlanders, on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed, *The Beltane Tree*. It is a festival celebrated, with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

*The seer's prophetic spirit found, etc. —  
P. 5. v. 1.*

I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr Johnson's definition, who calls it "An



impression, either by the «mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things «distant and future are perceived and seen as if «they were present.” To which I would only, add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune; that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it, while themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

*Will good St Oran's rule prevail.—*

P. S. v. 1.

St Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried in Incolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint are rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain dæmons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost dispatch. The chapel, however and the cemetery, was called *Reilig Ouran*; and, in memory



of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

*And thrice St Fillan's powerful prayer. —*

P. 14. v. 5.

St Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A. D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendour, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 9th of January was dedicated so this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7. tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he inclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relique, and deposited it in some place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers



to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine, as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, (a national periodical publication, which has lately revived, with considerable energy) there is a copy of a very curious crown-grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relique of St Fillan, called the Quegrich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, this document is, probably, the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St Fillan, are to be found in *Bal-lenden's Boece*, Book 4, folio ccxiii, and in *Pennant's Tour in Scotland*, 1772, pp. II, 15.

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THE  
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

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SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow - Crag, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended, on three sides, by a precipice, and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance



between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags, by which it is surrounded, one, more eniment, is called *The Watchfold*; and is said to have been the station of a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the author's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.



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THE  
EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

---

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
He spurr'd his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,  
His banner broad to rear;  
He went not 'gainst the English yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack \* was braced, and his hel-  
met was laced,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;

---

\* The plate-jack is coat-armour; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.



At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days space,  
And his looks were sad and sour;  
And weary was his courser's pace,  
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor \*  
Ran red with English blood;  
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,  
His acton pierced and tore;  
His axe and his dagger with blood embrued,  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still;  
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

---

\* See an account of the battle of Ancram Moor, subjoined to the ballad.



"Come thou hither, my little foot-page;  
 Come hither to my knee;  
 Though thou art young, and tender of age,  
 I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all thou hast seen,  
 And look thou tell me true!  
 Since I from Smaylho'me Tower have been,  
 What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
 That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
 For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
 Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,  
 The will blew loud and shrill;  
 Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,  
 To the eiry beacon hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came  
 Where she sat her on a stone;  
 No watchman stood by the dreary flame;  
 It burned all alone.



“The second night I kept her in sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary’s might! an armed Knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

“And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the last,  
And I heard not what they were.

“The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain blast was still,  
As again I watch’d the secret pair,  
On the lonesome beacon hill.

“And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, ‘Come this night to thy lady’s bower;  
‘Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

‘He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;  
‘His lady is all alone;  
‘The door she’ll undo to her knight so true,  
‘On the eve of good Saint John.’







‘O fear not the Priest, who sleepeth to the east!  
 ‘For to Dryburgh \* the way he has ta’en;  
 ‘And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
 ‘For the soul of a Knight that is slayne.’

‘He turned him around, and grimly he frowned;  
 Then he laugh’d right scornfully —  
 ‘He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that  
 Knight,  
 ‘May as well say mass for me.’

‘At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits  
 have power,  
 ‘In thy chamber will I be.’ —  
 With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
 And no more did I see.” —

---

\* Dryburgh Abbey is beautifully situated on the banks of the Tweed. After its dissolution, it became the property of the Haliburtons of Newmains, and is now the seat of the right honourable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the order of Premonstratenses.



Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,  
 From the dark to the blood-red high;  
 "Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou  
                                                           hast seen,  
 For, by Mary, he shall die!"

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's  
                                                           redlight:  
 His plume it was scarlet and blue;  
 On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
 And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
 Loud dost thou lie to me!  
 For that knight is cold, and low laid in the  
                                                           mould,  
 All under the Eildon-tree." \*

---

\* Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, immediately above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies.



“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!  
For I heard her name his name;  
And that lady bright, she called the knight,  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,  
From high blood-red to pale —  
"The grave is deep and dark — and the corpse  
is stiff and stark —  
So I may not trust thy tale.

Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain.

“The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drown'd the name;  
For the Dryburg bells ring, and the white  
monks do sing,  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!” —

He passed the court-gate, and he oped the  
tower grate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,



To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that  
on her wait,

He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;  
Looked over hill and dale;  
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's\* wood,  
And all down Teviotdale.

“Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!”

“Now hail, thou Baron true!

What news, what news, from Ancram fight?

What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

“The Ancram Moor is red with gore,  
For many a southern fell;  
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,  
To watch our beacons well.”

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said;  
Nor added the Baron a word:  
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,  
And so did her moody lord.

\* Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden.



In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron  
toss'd and turn'd

And oft to himself he said —

“The worms around him creep, and his bloody  
grave is deep . . . . .

It cannot give up the dead!”

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,

The night was well nigh done,

When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,

On the eve of good Saint John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,

By the light of a dying flame;

And she was aware of a knight stood there —

Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

“Alas! away, away!” she cried,

“For the holy Virgin's sake!”

“Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;

But, lady, he will not awake.

“By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,

In bloody grave have I lain;

The mass and the death prayer are said for me,

But, lady, they are said in vain.



“By the Baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair strand,  
 Most foully slain I fell;  
 And my restless sprite on the beacon’s height,  
 For a space is doom’d to dwell.”

“At our trysting-place,\* for a certain space,  
 I must wander to and fro;  
 But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
 Had’st thou not conjured me so.”

Love master’d fear — her brow she cross’d;  
 “How, Richard, hast thou sped?  
 And art thou saved, or art thou lost?” —  
 The Vision shook his head!

“Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;  
 So bid thy lord believe:  
 That lawless love is guilt above,  
 This awful sign receive.”

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;  
 His right upon her hand;  
 The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
 For it scorch’d like a fiery brand.

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\* *Trysting-place* — Place of rendezvous.



The sable score, of fingers four,  
 Remains on that board impress'd;  
 And for evermore that lady wore  
 A covering on her wrist.

There is a Nun in Dryburgh bower,  
 Ne'er looks upon the sun:  
 There is a Monk in Melrose tower,  
 He speaketh word to none.

That Nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
 That Monk, who speaks to none —  
 That Nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
 That Monk the bold Baron.



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# NOTES

## ON

### THE EVE OF SAINT JOHN.

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#### BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.

Lord Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddisdale, to take assurance under the king of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers.



|                                                                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| Towns, towers, barnekynes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed | 192    |
| Scots slain . . . . .                                                             | 403    |
| Prisoners taken . . . . .                                                         | 816    |
| Nolt (cattle) . . . . .                                                           | 10,386 |
| Shepe . . . . .                                                                   | 12,492 |
| Nags and geldings . . . . .                                                       | 1,296  |
| Gayt . . . . .                                                                    | 200    |
| Bolls of corn . . . . .                                                           | 850    |
| Insight gear, etc. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.                          |        |

MURDIN'S *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 51.

The king of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors, at Melrose.—*Godscroft*. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland with an army, consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottishmen, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbolls, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady (a noble and aged



woman, says Lesley,) and her whole family. The English penetrated as far as Melrose, which they had destroyed last year, and which they now again pillaged. As they returned towards Jedburgh, they were followed by Angus, at the head of 1000 horse, who was shortly after joined by the famous Norman Lesley, with a body of Fife-men. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott\* of Buccleuch

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\* The editor has found in no instance upon record, of this family having taken assurance with England. Hence they usually suffered dreadfully from the English forays. In August, 1544, (the year preceding the battle) the whole lands belonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviotdale, were harried by Evers; the out-works, or barmkin, of the tower of Branxholm, burned; eight Scots slain, thirty made prisoners, and an immense prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kale water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; 30 Scots slain,



came up, at full speed, with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement,) Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Peniel heugh. The spare horses, being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots, in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried precipitately forward, and, having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished, to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss hawk, that we might all yoke at once!" — *Godscroft*. The English, breathless)

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and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford, smoked very sore. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor, — *MURDIN'S State Papers*, pp. 45, 46.



and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!" — *Lesley*, p. 478. In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch. — *REDPATH'S Border History*, p. 553. Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas. "Is our brother-



in-law offended,"\* said he, "that I, as a good  
 "Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country,  
 "and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon  
 "Ralph Evers? They were better men than he,  
 "and I was bound to do no less — and will he  
 "take my life for that? Little knows King Henry  
 "the skirts of Kirnetable:\*\* I can keep myself  
 "there against all his English host." — *Godscroft*.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyliard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,  
 Little was her stature, but great was her fame;

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\* Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.

\*\* Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale.



Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,  
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought  
upon her stumps.

*Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.*

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the  
"broad seale of the said King Edward I., a  
"manor, called Ketnes, in the countie of Fer-  
"fare, in Scotland, and neere the furthest part  
"of the same nation northward, given to John  
"Eure and his heires, ancestor to the Lord Eure  
"that now is, for his service done these partes,  
"with market, etc. dated at Lanorcost, the  
"20th day of October, anno regis, 34." —  
STOWE'S *Annals*, p. 210. This grant, like that  
of Henry, must have been dangerous to the re-  
ceiver.

*There is a nun of Dryburgh bower. —*

P. 35. v. 2.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never  
saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About  
fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer  
took up her residence in a dark vault, among



the ruins of Dryburgh abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr Halliburton of New Mains, the editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr Erskine of Shielfield, two gentlemen of the neighbourhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault; assuring her friendly neighbours, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of *Fatlips*: describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damps. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man, to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.



The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighbouring peasants dare enter it by night.



## CADYOW CASTLE.

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THE ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitious banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the civil wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense rocks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the



south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference, and the state of decay in which they now appear, shews, that they may have witnessed the rites of the Druids. — The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described, by ancient authors, as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.\*

In detailing the death of the regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful historical painting.

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\* They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.



«Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person  
 «who comitted this barbarous action. He had  
 «been condemned to death soon after the battle  
 «of Langside, as we have already related, and  
 «owed his life to the regent's clemency. But  
 «part of his estate had been bestowed upon one  
 «of the regent's favourites,\* who seized his house,  
 «and turned out his wife, naked, in a cold  
 «night, into the open fields, where, before next  
 «morning, she became furiously mad. This injury  
 «made a deeper impression on him than the  
 «benefit he had received, and from that moment  
 «he vowed to be revenged of the regent. Party  
 «rage strengthened and inflamed his private re-  
 «sentment. His kinsmen, the Hamiltons, ap-  
 «plauded the enterprise. The maxims of that  
 «age justified the most desperate course he could  
 «take to obtain vengeance. He followed the  
 «regent for some time, and watched for an op-  
 «portunity to strike the blow. He resolved, at  
 «last, to wait till his enemy should arrive at  
 «Linlithgow, through which he was to pass, in  
 «his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took

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\* This was Sir James Ballenden, lord justice-  
 clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapa-  
 city occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—  
*Spottiswoode.*



«his stand in a wooden gallery,\* which had a  
 «window towards the street; spread a feather-  
 «bed on the floor, to hinder the noise of his  
 «feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth  
 «behind him, that his shadow might not be ob-  
 «served from without; and, after all this prepa-  
 «ration, calmly expected the regent's approach,  
 «who had lodged, during the night, in a house  
 «not far distant. Some indistinct information of  
 «the danger, which threatened him, had been  
 «conveyed to the regent, and he paid so much  
 «regard to it, that he resolved to return by the  
 «same gate through which he had entered, and  
 «to fetch a compass round the town. But, as  
 «the crowd about the gate was great, and he  
 «himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded  
 «directly along the street; and the throng of peo-  
 «ple obliging him to move very slowly, gave  
 «the assassin time to take so true an aim, that

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\* This projecting gallery is still shewn. The  
 house, to which it was attached, was the pro-  
 perty of the Archbishop of St Andrews, a  
 natural brother of the Duke of Chatelher-  
 ault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This,  
 among many other circumstances, seems to  
 evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh recei-  
 ved from his clan in effecting his purpose.



«he shot him, with a single bullet, through  
 «the lower part of his belly, and killed the  
 «horse of a gentleman, who rode on his other  
 «side. His followers instantly endeavoured to  
 «break into the house, whence the blow had  
 «come; but they found the door strongly barri-  
 «caded, and, before it could be forced open,  
 «Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse,\* which  
 «stood ready for him at a back-passage, and  
 «was got far beyond their reach. The regent  
 «died the same night of his wound.” — *Hi-  
 story of Scotland*, book v.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton,  
 where he was received in triumph; for the as-  
 hes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had  
 been burned by Murray's army, were yet smo-  
 king; and party prejudice, the habits of the  
 age, and the enormity of the provocation,  
 seemed to his kinsmen to justify his deed. After  
 a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and de-  
 termined man left Scotland, and served in France,  
 under the patronage of the family of Guise,  
 to whom he was doubtless recommended by  
 having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen  
 Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou

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\* The gift of Lord John Hamilton, commen-  
 dator of Arbroath.



has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate Gaspar de Coligni, the famous admiral of France, and the buckler of the Huguenot cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murders in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither, for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. — *Thuanus*, cap. 46.

The regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded, or stigmatized, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Bothwellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him, whose sacrilegious avarice had stript the metropolitan church of St Andrews of its covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity. — *Jebb*, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other



conspirator answered, «that neyther Poltrot  
 «nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse,  
 «without some reason or consideration to lead  
 «them to it: as the one, by hyre, and promise  
 «of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon  
 «desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle wrong  
 «done unto him, as the report goethe, accordinge  
 «to the vyle trayterous dysposyson of the hoole  
 «natyon of the Scottes.» — MURDIN'S *State Pa-*  
*pers*, vol. i. p. 197.



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**CADYOW CASTLE.**

**ADDRESSED TO**

**THE RIGHT HONOURABLE**

**LADY ANNE HAMILTON.**

---

**W**HEN princely Hamilton's abode  
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,  
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,  
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,  
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,  
And echoed light the dancer's bound,  
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.



But Cadyow's towers, in ruin's laid,  
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,  
Thrill to the music of the shade,  
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,  
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,  
And tune my harp, of Border frame,  
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,  
From pleasure's lighter scenes, canst turn,  
To draw oblivion's pall aside,  
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,  
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;  
Lo! as on Evan's banks we stand,  
The past returns — the present flies. —

Where with the rock's wood-covered side  
Were blended late the ruins green,  
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,  
And feudal banners flaunt between.



Where the rude torrent's brawling course  
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,  
The ashler buttress braves its force,  
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night — the shade of keep and spire  
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,  
And on the wave the warder's fire  
Is chequering the moon-light beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;  
The weary warder leaves his tower;  
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,  
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The draw-bridge falls — they hurry out —  
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,  
As, dashing o'er, the jovial route  
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;  
His shouting merry-men throng behind;  
The steed of princely Hamilton  
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.



From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,  
 The startling red-deer scuds the plain;  
 For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound  
 Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,  
 Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,  
 What sullen roar comes down the gale,  
 And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,  
 That roam in woody Caledon,  
 Crashing the forest in his race,  
 The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunters' quiver'd band,  
 He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,  
 Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,  
 And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;  
 Struggling in blood the savage lies;  
 His roar is sunk in hollow groan —  
 Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse*!\*

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\* *Pryse* — The note blown at the death of the game.



Tis noon — against the knotted oak  
 The hunters rest the idle spear;  
 Curls through the trees the slender smoke,  
 Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain marked his clan,  
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,  
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man  
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

“Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,  
 Still wont our weal and woe to share?  
 Why comes he not our sport to grace?  
 Why shares he not our hunter's fare?”

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,  
 (Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he)  
 “At merry feast, or buxom chace,  
 No more the warrior shalt thou see.

“Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee  
 Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,  
 When to his hearths, in social glee,  
 The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.



“There, wan from her maternal throes,  
 His Margaret, beautiful and mild,  
 Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,  
 And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“O change accursed! past are those days;  
 False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,  
 And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,  
 Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

“What sheeted phantom wanters wild,  
 Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,  
 Her arms enfold a shadowy child —  
 Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

“The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,  
 And hears her feeble voice with awe —  
 ‘Revenge,’ she cries, ‘on Murray's pride!  
 And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!’ ”

He ceased — and cries of rage and grief  
 Burst mingling from the kindred band,  
 And half arose the kindling Chief,  
 And half unsheathed his Arran brand,



But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,  
 Rides headlong, with resistless speed,  
 Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke  
 Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,  
 As one, some vision'd sight that saw,  
 Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair? —  
 — 'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory selle,\* and reeling steed,  
 Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,  
 And, reeking from the recent deed,  
 He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke — " 'Tis sweet to hear,  
 In good green-wood, the bugle blown;  
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,  
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trod,  
 At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,  
 But prouder base-born Murray rode  
 Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

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\* *Selle* — Saddle. A word used by Spencer,  
 and other ancient authors.



“From the wild Border’s humbled side,  
 In haughty triumph marched he,  
 While Knox relax’d his bigot pride,  
 And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

“But, can stern Power, with all his vaunt,  
 Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,  
 The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,  
 Or change the purpose of Despair?

“With hackbut bent,\* my secret stand,  
 Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,  
 And mark’d, where, mingling in his band,  
 Troop’d Scottish pikes and English bows.

“Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,  
 Murder’s foul minion, led the van;  
 And clash’d their broad-sword in the rear,  
 The wild Macfarlanes’ plaided clan.

“Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,  
 Obsequious at their Regent’s rein,  
 And haggard Lindsay’s iron eye,  
 That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

---

\* *Hackbut bent* — Gun\_cocked,



Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,  
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;  
"Scaree could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye,  
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,  
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,  
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd  
A passing shade of doubt and awe;  
Some fiend was whispering in his breast,  
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'

"The death-shot parts — the charger springs —  
Wild rises tumult's startling roar! —  
And Murray's plummy helmet rings —  
— Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured youth can feel,  
To hear her love the loved one tell,  
Or he, who broaches on his steel  
The wolf, by whom his infant fell!



«But dearer to my injured eye,  
 To see in dust proud Murray roll;  
 And mine was ten times trebled joy,  
 To hear him groan his felon soul.

«My Margeret's spectre glided near;  
 With pride her bleeding victim saw;  
 And shriek'd in his death-deafened ear,  
 'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!'

«Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!  
 Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree!  
 Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow! —  
 Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!»

Vaults every warrior to his steed;  
 Loud bugles join their wild acclaim —  
 «Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!  
 Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!»

But, see! the Minstrel vision fails —  
 The glimmering spears are seen no more;  
 The shouts of war die on the gales,  
 Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.



For the loud bugle, pealing high,  
The blackbird whistles down the vale,  
And sunk in ivied ruins lie  
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs intent on bloody deed,  
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,  
Lo! highborn Beauty rules the steed,  
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own  
The maids, who list the Minstrel's tale;  
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known  
On the fair banks of Evandale!

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## NOTES ON CADYOW CASTLE.

*First of his troop, the Chief rode on. —*

P. 54. v. 5.

The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary, her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.

*The mountain Bull comes thundering on. —*

P. 55. v. 3.

*In Caledonia olim frequens erat sylvestris quidam bos, nunc varior, qui colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quaecunque homines vel manibus contrectarint,*



*vel halitu perflaverunt, ab iis multos post dies omnino abstituerint. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic bovi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus equites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum laccessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus, ac ungulis peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemnerit. Ejus carnes cartilaginosaë sed saporis suavissimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniæ sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Srivilingii, Cumbernaldiæ, et Kincarniæ. — Leslæus, Scotiæ Descriptio, p. 13.*

*Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,  
(Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he.) —  
P. 56. v. 4.*

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the queen's faction. He was ancestor to the present Marquis of Abercorn.



*Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee. —*

P. 56. v. 5.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinoy, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen, in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose *Lament* is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, at the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with a child in her arms.



*Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke  
Drives to the leap his jaded steed. —*

P. 58. v. 1.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, «after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and «stroke his horse behind, wild caused the horse «to leap a very brode stank (*i. e.* ditch,) by «whild means he escapit, and gat away from «all the rest of the horses.» — BIRRELL'S *Diary*, p. 18.

*From the wild Border's humbled side,  
In haughty triumph marched he. —*

P. 59. v. 1.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his elegy: —

«So having stablischt all thing in this sort,  
«To Liddisdails again he did resort,  
«Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the dails  
rode he,  
«And also lay three nights in Cannabie,  
«Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before,  
«Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir so sair;  
«And, that they suld na mair thair thift  
alledge,



«Threescore and twelf he brocht oft thame in  
pledge,

«Syne wardit thame, whilk made the rest  
keep ordour,

«Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the  
Bordour.»

*Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.*

*With hackbut bent, my secret stand. —*

P. 59. v. 3.

The carabine, with which the regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the larrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern fire-lock has been injudiciously substituted.

*Dark Morton, girt with many a spear. —*

P. 59. v. 4.

Of this noted person it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.

*The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan. —*

P. 59. v. 4.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Holinshed speaking of



Langsyde, says, «In this batayle the valiancie  
 «of an hieland gentleman, named Macfarlane,  
 «stood the regent's part in great steede; for, in  
 «the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up  
 «with two hundred of his friendes and country-  
 «men, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes  
 «of the queen's people, that he was a great  
 «cause of the disordering of them. This Macfar-  
 «lane had been lately before, as I have heard,  
 «condemned to die, for some outrage by him  
 «committed, and obtayning pardon through  
 «suyte of the Countess of Murray, he recom-  
 «penced that clemencie by this piece of service  
 «now at this batayle.» Calderwood's account is  
 less favourable to the Macfarlanes.. He states,  
 that «Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled  
 from the wing where they were set. The Lord  
 «Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the  
 «regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall  
 «fill their place better:' and so stepping forward  
 «with a company of fresh men, charged the  
 «enemy, whose spears were now spent. with  
 «long weapons, so that they were driven back  
 «by force, being before almost overthrown by  
 «the avant-guard and harquebusiers, and so were  
 «turned to flight.» — *Calderwood's M S. apud  
 Keith*, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of  
 the vanguard, but states it to have been com-



manded by Morton, and cumposed chiefly of the barony of Renfrew.

*Glencairn, and stout Parkhead were nigh,  
Obsequious at their regent's rein. —*

P. 59. v. 5.

The earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. Gorge Douglas of Parhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton: his horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

*And haggard Lindesay's iron eye,  
That saw fair Mary weep in vain. —*

P. 59. v. 5.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the regents faction; and, as such, was employed to extort Mary's signature to the deed of resignation, presented to her in Lochleven Castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigour; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.



*Scaree could his trampling charger move,  
So close the minions crowded nigh. —*

P, 6o. v. 1.

Richard Bannatyne mentions in his journal, that John Knox repeatedly warned Murray to avoid Linlithgow.

Not only had the regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. — With that infatuation, at which men wonder after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd: so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim. — *Spottiswood*, p. 233. *Buchanan*.



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**THE**  
**GREY BROTHER.**  
**A FRAGMENT.**

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**THE** imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the author's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biassed by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, the author has preferred inserting these verses, as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.



The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house, upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton-Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The Barony of Gilmerton belonged of yore to a gentleman, named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbottle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned, also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house, of Gilmerton-Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Chusing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.\*

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\* This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin, author of an



The scene, with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and perhaps really believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes, which they frequented, and the constant dangers, which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

“About the same time he (Peden) came to Andrew Normand’s house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, ‘There are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto; he halted a

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*Essay on Naval Tactics*; who will be remembered by posterity; as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.



« little again , saying , ' This is strange , that the  
 « devil will not go out , that we may begin our  
 « work ! ' Then there was a woman went out ,  
 « ill-looking upon almost all her life , and to  
 « her dying hour , for a witch , with many pre-  
 « sumptions of the same. It escaped me , in  
 « the former passages , that John Muirhead ( whom  
 « I have often mentioned ) told me , that when  
 « he came from Ireland to Galloway , he was  
 « at family-worship , and giving some notes upon  
 « the Scripture , when a very ill-looking man  
 « came , and sate down within the door , at the  
 « back of the *hallan* ( partition of the cottage : )  
 « immediately he halted , and said , ' There is  
 « some unhappy body just now come into this  
 « house. I charge him to go out , and not stop  
 « my mouth ! ' The person went out , and he in-  
 « sisted ( went on , ) yet he saw him neither come  
 « in nor go out. » — *The Life and Prophecies*  
*of Mr Alexander Peden , late Minister of the*  
*Gospel at New Glenluce , in Galloway , part ii.*  
 § 26.

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THE
GREY BROTHER.

—

THE Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on Saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints
in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneel'd around;
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear,
 And falter'd in the sound —
 And, when he would the chalice rear,
 He dropp'd it on the ground.

“The breath of one, of evil deed,
 Pollutes our sacred day;
 He has no portion in our creed,
 No part in what I say.

“A being, whom no blessed word
 To ghostly peace can bring;
 A wretch, at whose approach abhorr'd,
 Recoils each holy thing.

“Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
 My adjuration fear!
 I charge thee not to stop my voice,
 Nor longer tarry here!”

Amid them all a Pilgrim kneel'd,
 In gown of sackcloth gray;
 Far journeying from his native field,
 He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear,
 I ween, he had no spoke,
 And, save with bread and water clear,
 His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
 Seem'd none more bent to pray;
 But, when the Holy father spoke,
 He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land
 His weary course he drew,
 To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
 And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
 Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
 Through woods more fair no stream more sweet
 Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
 And vassals bent the knee;
 For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
 Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country still,
 In battle he had stood,
 Ay, even when, on the banks of Till,
 Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths, O, passing sweet!
 By Eske's fair streams that run,
 O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
 Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
 And yield the muse the day,
 There Beauty, led by timid Love,
 May shun the tell-tale ray;

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
 By blast of bugle free,
 To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
 And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen,
 Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
 And classic Hawthonden?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Has streak'd the grey with red:

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song;

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
 Nor ever raised his eye,
 Until he came to that dreary place,
 Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
 With many a bitter groan —
 And there was aware of a Grey Friar,
 Resting him on a stone.

“Now, Christ thee save!” said the Grey Brother;
 “Some pilgrim thou seem’st to be.”
 But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
 Nor answer again made he.

“O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
 Or bring reliques from over the sea,
 Or come ye from the shrine of Saint James
 the divine,
 Or Saint John of Beverly?”

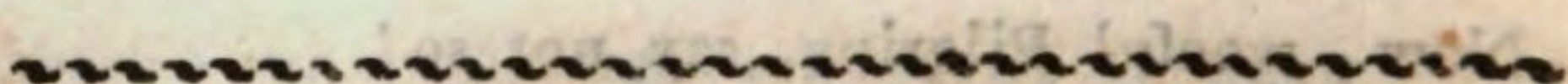
“I come not from the shrine of Saint James
 the divine,
 Nor bring reliques from over the sea;
 I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
 Which for ever will cling to me.”

“Now, woeful Pilgrim, say not so!
 But kneel thee down by me;
 And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
 That absolved thou may'st be.”

“And who art thou, thou Grey Brother,
 That I should shrive to thee,
 When he, to whom are given the keys of
 earth and heaven,
 Has no power to pardon me?”

“O I am sent from a distant clime,
 Five thousand miles away,
 And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
 Done *here* 'twixt night and day.”

The Pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
 And thus began his saye —
 When on his neck an ice-cold hand
 Did that Grey Brother laye.



NOTES

ON

THE GREY BROTHER.

*From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free. —*

P. 78. v. 4.

The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment, called the Buckstane, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the king shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence, the family have adopted, at their crest, a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, *Free for a blast*. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

To Auchendinny's hazel glade. —

P. 78. v. 4.

Auchendinny, situated upon the Eske, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq. author of *The Man of Feeling*, etc.

And haunted Woodhouselee. —

P. 78. v. 4.

For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see the ballad of *Cadyow Castle*, p. 46.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove. —

P. 78. v. 5.

Melville Castle, the seat of the honourable Robert Dundas, member for the county of Mid-Lothian, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade. It gives the title of Viscount to his father, Lord Melville.

And Roslin's rocky glen. —

P. 78. v. 5.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronal residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in

which they are situated, belong to the right honourable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former lords of Roslin.

Dalkeith, which all the virtues love. —

P. 78. v. 5.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged, of old, to the famous Earl of Morton; but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream, of the same name.

And classic Hawthornden. —

P. 78. v. 5.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house, of more modern date, is inclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice, upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which, in former times, formed a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London, on foot, in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years, by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

“Where Jonson sate in Drummond’s social shade.”

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source, till it joins the sea, at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Erceldoune, known by the appellation of *The Rhymer*. Uniting, or supposed to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give anything like a certain history of this remarkable man, would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed, on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birth place, of this ancient

bard, was Erceldoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer's castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Lermont, or Learmont; and that the appellation of *The Rhymer* was conferred on him in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon this subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length,* the son of our

* *From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra, Advocates' Library, W. 4. 14.*

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris
 Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomæ
 Rymour de Ercildoun salutem in Domino.
 Noveritis me per fustem et baculem in pleno
 iudicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem
 clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro
 domus Sanctæ Trinitatis de Soltre et fratribus
 ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum om-
 nibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento
 de Ercildoun hereditarie tenui renunciando
 de toto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure

poet designs himself, "Thomas of Ercildoun, "son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun," which seems to imply, that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet's name to have

et clameo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra alioque tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possumus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Jude Anno Domini Millessimo etc.. Nonagesimo Nono.

been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of *The Rhymer*.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived; being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (*List of Scottish Poets*); which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltre, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (*hereditarie*) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he, or his predecessors, could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead; since we find his son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached, as to the time of the poet's birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation *

* The lines alluded to are these:

I hope that Tomas's prophesie,
Of Erceldoun shall truly be.
In him, etc.

as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr Pinkerton's words) the uncertainty, of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near neighbour, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness. — *Cartulary of Melrose.*

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoun was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet, and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun, of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer's prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Wintown's *Chronicle*,

Of this fycht quilum spak Thomas
Of Ersyldoune, that sayd in Derne,

Thare suld meit stalwartly, starke, and sterne.
 He said it in his prophecy;
 But how he wist it was *ferly*.

Book VIII. chap. 32.

There could have been no *ferly* (marvel), in Wintown's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington; which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the prior of Lochlevin. *

* Henry, the minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his prophetic knowledge.

Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
 With the minister, which was a worthy
 man.

He used oft to that religious place;
 The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
 And so he told, though that they bless
 or ban,
 Which happened sooth in many divers
 case;

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer's prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to the intercourse between the bard and the queen of Faëry. The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years residence he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.* Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly

I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
In rule or war whether they tint or wan:
It may be deemed by division of grace, etc.

History of Wallace, Book II.

* See a Dissertation on Fairies, prefixed to the ballad of TAMLANE, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, Vol. ii. p. 237.

parading the street of the village. * The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still «drees his weird» in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighbouring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn, (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer's supernatural visitants. The veneration, paid to his dwelling-place, even attached itself in some degree to a person, who, within the memory of man, chose to set up his residence in the ruins of Learmont's tower. The name of this man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas

* There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onward.

the Rhymer, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the author unpardonable to dismiss a person, so important in Border tradition as the Rhymer, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady, residing not far from Ercildoun, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description.* To this old tale the author has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of Cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart and hind to the Land of Faërie. To make his peace with the more severe antiquaries, the author has prefixed to the Second Part some remarks on Learmont's prophecies.

* The author has been since informed, by a most eminent antiquary, that there is in existence a MS. copy of this ballad, of very considerable antiquity, of which he hopes to avail himself on some future occasion.



THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST. — ANCIENT.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hang fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pulled aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee, —
"All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

“O no, O no, Thomas,” she said;
 “That name does not belong to me;
 I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
 That am hither come to visit thee.

“Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said;
 “Harp and carp along with me;
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your bodie I will be.”

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird * shall never danton me.”
 Syne he has kiss’d her rosy lips,
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“Now, ye maun go wi’ me,” she said;
 “True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me;
 And eye maun serve me seven years,
 Through weal or woe as may chance to be.”

She mounted on her milk-white steed;
 She’s ta’en true Thomas up behind;
 And aye, whene’er her bridle rung,
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

* *That weird, etc.* — That destiny shall never frighten me.

O they rade on, and farther on;
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
 Until they reach'd a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

«Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee:
 Abide, and rest a little space,
 And I will shew you ferlies three.

«O see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset with thorns and briers? —
 That is the path of righteousness,
 Though after it but few enquires.

«And see not ye that braid, braid road,
 That lies across that lily leven? —
 That is the path of wickedness,
 Though some call it the road to heaven.

«And see not ye that bonny road,
 That winds about the fernie brae? —
 That is the road to fair Elfland,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
 Whatever ye may hear or see;
 For, if you speak word in Elflyn land,
 Ye’ll ne’er get back to your ain countrie.”

O they rade on, and farther on,
 And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, and there was nae
 stern light,
 And they waded through red blude to the knce;
 For a’ the blude, that’s shed on earth,
 Rins through the springs o’ that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
 And she pu’d an apple frae a tree —
 “Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.”

“My tongue is mine ain,” true Thomas said;
 “A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
 I neither dought to buy nor sell,
 At fair or tryst, where I may be.”

«I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."
 «Now hold thy peace!» the ladye said,
 «For, as I say, so must it be.»

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair of shoes of velvet green;
 And, till seven years were gane and past,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

NOTE AND APPENDIX

TO

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART FIRST.

She pu'd an apple free a tree, etc. —

P. 98. v. 4.

The traditional commentary upon this ballad informs us, that the apple was the produce of the fatal Tree of Knowledge, and that the garden was the terrestrial paradise. The repugnance of Thomas to be debarred the use of falsehood, when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

The reader is here presented, from an old, and unfortunately an imperfect MS., with the undoubted original of Thomas the Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faëry. It will afford great amusement to those, who would study the nature of traditional poetry, and the changes effected by oral tradition, to compare this ancient romance with the foregoing ballad. The same incidents are narrated, even the expression is often the same, yet the poems are as different in appearance, as if the older tale had been regularly and systematically modernized by a poet of the present day.

Incipit Prophetia Thome de Erseldoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
 In the gryking of the day,
 Ay alone as I went,
 In Huntle bankys me for to play:
 I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
 Ye mawes movyde of her song,
 Ye wodwale sange notes gay,
 That al the wod about range.
 In that longyng as I lay,
 Undir nethe a dern tre,
 I was war of a lady gay,
 Come rydyng ouyr a fair le;
 Zogh I suld sitt to domysday,

With my tong to wrabbe and wry,
 Certenly all hyr aray,
 It beth neuer discryuyd for me.
 Hyr palfra was dappyl gray,
 Sycke on say neuer none,
 As the son in somers day,
 All abowte that lady shone;
 Hyr sadel was of a rewel bone,
 A semly sight it was to se,
 Bryht with mony a precyous stone,
 And compasyd all with crapste;
 Stones of oryens gret plente,
 Her hair about her hede it hang,
 She rode ouer the farnyle.
 A while she llew a while she sang,
 Her girths of nobil silke they were,
 Her boculs were of beryl stone,
 Sadyll and brydill war - -:
 With sylk and sendel about bedone,
 Hyr patyrel was of a pall fyne,
 And hyr croper of the arase,
 Hyr brydil was of gold fyne,
 On euery syde forsothe hong bells thre,
 Hyr brydil reynes . . .
 A semly syzt . . .
 Crop and patyrel . . .
 In every joynt . . .
 She led thre grew hounds in a leash,
 And ratches cowpled by her ran;

She bar an horn about her halse,
 And undir her gyrdil meny flene.
 Thomas lay and sa . . .
 In the bankes of . . .
 He sayd yonder is Mary of Might,
 That bar the child that died for me,
 Certes bot I may speke with that lady bright,
 Myd my hert will breke in three;
 I schal me hye with all my might,
 Hyr to mete at Eldyn Tree.
 Thomas rathly up he rase,
 And ran ouer mountayn hye,
 If it be sothe the story says,
 He met her euyn at Eldyn tre.
 Thomas knelyd down on his kne
 Undir nethe the grenewood spray,
 And sayd, lovely lady thou rue on me,
 Queen of heaven as you well may be;
 Bnt I am a lady of another countrie,
 If I be pareld most of prise,
 I ride after the wild fee,
 My ratches rinnen at my devys.
 If thou be pareld most of prise,
 And rides a lady in strang folly,
 Lovely lady as thou art wise,
 Giue you me leue to lige ye by.
 Do way, Thomas, that wert folly,
 I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
 That sin will fordo all my bewtie:

Lovely ladye, rewe on me,
 And euer more I shall with ye dwell,
 Here my trowth I plyght to thee,
 Where you beleues in heuyn or hell.
 Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
 Undir nethe this grene wode spray,
 Thou would tell full hastely,
 That thou had layn by a lady gay.
 Lady I mote lyg by the,
 Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
 For all the gold in chrystenty,
 Suld you neuer be wryede for me.
 Man on molde you will me marre,
 And yet bot you may haf you will,
 Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyst ye
 warre;

For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
 Down lyghtyd that lady bryzt,
 Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
 And as ye story sayth full ryzt,
 Seuyn tymes by her he lay.
 She seyde, man you lyste thi play,
 What berde in bouyr may dele with thee,
 That maries me all this long day;
 I pray ye, Thomas, lat me be.
 Thomas stode up in the stede,
 And behelde the lady gay,
 Her heyre hang downe about hyr hede,
 The tone was black, the other gray,

Her eyn semyt onte before was gray,
 Her gay clethyng all away,
 That he before had sene in that stede;
 Hyr body as blo as ony bede.
 Thomas sighede, and sayd allas,
 Me thynke this a dullfull syght,
 That thou are fadyd in the face,
 Before you shone as son so bryzt.
 Tak thy leue, Thomas, at son and mone,
 At gresse, and at euery tre,
 This twelvmonth sall you with me gone,
 Medyl erth you sall not se.
 Alas, he seyde, ful wo is me,
 I trow my dedes will werke me care,
 Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
 Whedir so euyr my body sal fare.
 She rode furth with all her myzt,
 Undir nethe the derne lee,
 It was derke as at midnyzt,
 And euyr in water unto the kne;
 Through the space of days thre,
 He herde but swowyng of a flode;
 Thomas sayd, ful wo is me,
 Nowe I spyll for fawte of fode;
 To a garden she lede him tyte,
 There was fruyte in grete plente,
 Peyres and appless ther were rype,
 The date and the damese;
 The figge and als fylbert tre;

The nyghtyngale bredyng in her neste,
 The papigaye about gan fle,
 The throstylcok sang wold hafe no rest.
 He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand
 As man for faute that was faynt;
 She seyde, Thomas, lat al stand,
 Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
 Sche said, Thomas, I the hyzt,
 To lay thi hede upon my kne,
 And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
 Than euyr sawe man in their kintre.
 Sees thou, Thomas, yon fair way,
 That lyggs ouyr yone fair playn?
 Yonder is the way to heuyn for ay,
 Whan synful sawles haf derayed their payne.
 Sees thou, Thomas, yone secund way,
 That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
 Streight is the way sothly to say,
 To the joyes of paradyce.
 Sees thou, Thomas, yone thyrde way,
 That ligges ouyr yone how?
 Wide is the way sothly to say,
 To the brynyng fyres of hell.
 Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
 That standes ouyr yone fayr hill?
 Of town and tower it beereth the belle,
 In middell erth is non like theretill.
 Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye
 I pray thu curteis man to be;

What so any man to you say,
 Soke thu answer non but me.
 My lord is servyd at yche messe,
 With xxx kniztes feir and fre:
 I sall say syttyng on the dese,
 I toke thy speche beyonde the le.
 Thomas stode as still as stone,
 And beheld that ladye gaye;
 Than was sche fayr and ryche anone,
 And also ryal on hir palfreye.
 The grewhoundes had fylde them on the dere,
 The ratches coupled, by my fay,
 She blewe her horn Thomas to chere,
 To the castle she went her way.
 The lady into the hall went,
 Thomas folowyd at her hand;
 Thar kept hyr mony a lady gent,
 With curtasy and lawe.
 Harp and fedyl both he fand,
 The getern and the sawtry,
 Lut and rybib ther gon gang,
 Thair was al maner of mynstralsy.
 The most fertly that Thomas thoght,
 When he com emyddes the flore,
 Fourty hertes too quarry were hroght,
 That had ben befor both long and store,
 Lymors lay lappyng blode,
 And kokes standyng with dressyng knyfe,
 And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,

And rewell was thair wonder
 Knyghtes dansyd by two and thre,
 All that leue long day.
 Ladyes that wer gret of gre,
 Sat and sang of rych aray.
 Thomas sawe much more in that place,
 Than I can descryve,
 Til on a day alas, alas,
 My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
 Busk ye Thomas you must agayn,
 Here you may no longer be:
 Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
 I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
 Thomas answerd with heuy cher,
 And sayd, lowely ladye, lat ma be,
 For I say ye certenly here
 Haf I be bot the space of dayes three.
 Sothly Thomas as I telle ye,
 You hath been here thre yeres,
 And here you may no longer be;
 And I sal tele ye a skele,
 To-morowe of helle ye foule fende
 Amang our folke shall chuse his fee;
 For you art a larg man and an hende,
 Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
 Fore all the golde that may be,
 Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
 Sal you not be betrayed for me,
 And thairfor sall you hens wend.

She brocht him euyr to Eldon tre,
 Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
 In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
 Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
 Ferre ouyr yon mountayns gray,
 There hathe my facon;
 Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

* * * * *

[The elfin queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Duplin and Halidon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the museum in the cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection of Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr Jamieson, in his curious collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The *lacunæ* of the former edition have been supplied from his copy.]

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

THE prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance „amongst the sons of his people.” The author of *Sir Tristrem* would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, „Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventures of *Schir Gewain*,” if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune to the prophetic character. Perhaps, indeed, he himself affected it during his life

We know at least, for certain, that a belief in his supernatural knowledge was current soon after his death. His prophecies are alluded to by Barbour, by Wintoun, and by Henry the Minstrel, or *Blind Harry*, as he is usually termed. None of these authors, however, give the words of any of the Rhymer's vaticinations, but merely narrate, historically, his having predicted the events of which they speak. The earliest of the prophecies ascribed to him, which is now extant, is quoted by Mr Pinkerton from a MS. It is supposed to be a response from Thomas of Ercildoune, to a question from the heroic Countess of March, renowned for the defence of the castle of Dunbar against the English, and termed, in the familiar dialect of her time, *Black Agnes of Dunbar*. This prophecy is remarkable, in so far as it bears very little resemblance to any verses published in the printed copy of the Rhymer's supposed prophecies. The verses are as follows:

« La Countesse de Donbar demande a Thomas de Essedoune quant la guerre d'Escocce prendreit fyn. E yl l'a repoundy et dyt.

*« When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is levere others mones thyng than
is own;*

When londe thouys forest, ant forest is felde;
 When hares kendles o' the her'ston;
 When Wyt and Wille werres togedere:
 When mon makes stables of kyrkes; and ste-
 les castels with styes;
 When Rokesboroughe nys no burgh ant mar-
 ket is at Forwyleye:
 When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
 When men ledes men in ropes to buyen and
 to sellen;
 When a quarter of whaty whete is chaunged
 for a colt of ten makes;
 When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd
 in prisoun;
 When a Scot ne me hym hude ase hare in forme
 that the English ne shall hym fynde;
 When ryght ant wronge astente the togedere;
 When laddes weddeth lovedies;
 When Scottes flen so faste, that for faute of
 shep, hy drowneth hemselfe;
 When shal this be?
 Nouthur in thine tyme ne in mine;
 Ah comen ant gone
 Withinne twenty winter ant one."

*Pinkerton's Poems, from Maitland's MSS.
 quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253. F. 127.*

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr
 Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of

it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age), to the reign of Edward I. or II., it is with great diffidence that I hazard a contrary opinion. There can, however, I believe, be little doubt, that these prophetic verses are a forgery, and not the production of our Thomas the Rhymer. But I am inclined to believe them of a later date than the reign of Edward I. or II.

The gallant defence of the castle of Dunbar, by Black Agnes, took place in the year 1337. The Rhymer died previous to the year 1299 (see the charter, by his son, in the introduction to the foregoing ballad). It seems, therefore, very improbable, that the Countess of Dunbar could ever have an opportunity of consulting Thomas the Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas, she is described as a young, or a middle-aged woman, at the period of her being besieged in the fortress, which she so well defended. If the editor might indulge a conjecture, he would suppose, that the prophecy was contrived for the encouragement of the English invaders, during the Scottish wars; and that the names of the countess of Dunbar, and of Thomas of Ercildoune, were used for the greater credit of the forgery. According to this hypothesis, it seems likely to have been com-

posed after the siege of Dunbar, which had made the name of the countess well known, and consequently in the reign of Edward III. The whole tendency of the prophecy is to aver, "that there shall be no end of the Scottish war" (concerning which the question was proposed), "till a final conquest of the country by England, attended by all the usual severities of war. When the cultivated country shall become forest — says the prophecy; — when the wild animals shall inhabit the abode of men; — when Scots shall not be able to escape the English, should they crouch as hares in their form" — all these denunciations seem to refer to the time of Edward III. upon whose victories the prediction was probably founded. The mention of the exchange betwixt a colt worth ten markes, and a quarter of "whaty (indifferent) wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbours. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight" for faute of ships," — thank God for that too. The prophecy, quoted in p. 101, is probably of the same date, and

intended for the same purpose. A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

The hare sall kittle (litter) on my hearth-stane,
And there will never be a laird Learmont again.

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library. — “When hares kendles o’ the her’stane” — an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

“This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
The hare shall hirple on the hard (hearth)stane.”

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoun. “The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called *Thomas*

«*the Rhymer*, may justly be admired; having
 «foretold, so many ages before, the union of
 «England and Scotland in the ninth degree of
 «the Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce
 «himself to the crown, being yet a child, and
 «other divers particulars, which the event hath
 «ratified and made good. Boethius, in his story,
 «relateth his prediction of King Alexander's death,
 «and that he did foretel the same to the Earl of
 «March, the day before it fell out; saying,
 «'That before the next day noon, such a tempest
 «should blow, as Scotland had not felt for many
 «years before.' The next morning, the day being
 «clear, and no change appearing in the air, the
 «nobleman did challenge Thomas of his saying,
 «calling him an impostor. He replied, that noon
 «was not yet passed. About which time, a
 «post came to advertise the earl, of the king
 «his sudden death. 'Then,' said Thomas, «'this
 «is the tempest I foretold, and so it shall prove
 «to Scotland.' Whence, or how, he had this
 «knowledge, can hardly be affirmed; but sure
 «it is, that he did divine and answer truly of
 «many things to come." — *Spottiswoode*, p. 47.
 Besides that notable voucher, Master Hector Boece,
 the good archbishop might, had he been so
 minded, have referred to Fordun for the pro-
 phesy of king Alexander's death. That historian
 calls our bard «*ruralis ille vates*." — *Fordun*,
 lib. x. cap. 40.

What Spottiswoode calls «the prophecies extant in Scottish rhyme,» are the metrical predictions ascribed to the prophet of Ercildoun, which, with many other compositions of the same nature, bearing the names of Bede, Merlin, Gildas, and other approved soothsayers, are contained in one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1615. The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his *Remarks on the History of Scotland*. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing, that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a king, son of a French queen, and related to Bruce in the ninth degree. Lord Hailes plainly proves, that this prophecy is perverted from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The ground work of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

Of Bruce's left side shall spring out as a leafe,
 As neere as the ninth degree;
 And shall be fleemed of faire Scotland,
 In France farre beyond the sea.
 And then shall come againe ryding,
 With eyes that many men may see.

At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tree.

— — —
However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shal be lord of all;
The French quen shal beare the sonne,
Shal rule all Brittain to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shal come also,
As neere as the ninth degree.

— — —
Yet shal there come a keene knight over the
salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of
armes;
A duke's son dowbled (*i. e.* dubbed,) a borne
man in France,
That shall our mirths augment, and mend
all our harmes;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice
three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to
himself,
Between 13 and thrice three the threip shal
be ended,
The Saxons sall never recover after.

There cannot be any doubt, that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, re-

gent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV. in the fatal field of Flodden. The regent was descended of Bruce by the left, *i. e.* by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country — «fleemit of fair Scotland.» His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him, by the pretended prophet, for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land, beside a lee, who shews him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully;

Our Scottish king sal come ful keene,
 The red lyon beareth he;
 A feddered arrow sharp, I weene,
 Shal make him winke and warre to see.
 Out of the field he shall be led
 When he is bludie and woe for blood;
 Yet to his men shall he say,
 "For God's luv, turn you againe,
 And give yon sutherne folk a frey!
 Why should I lose the right is mine?
 My date is not to die this day." —

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV.? Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign :

The sternes three that day shall die,
 That bears the harte in silver sheen.

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name :

At Pinken Cluch there shall be spilt
 Much gentle blood that day;
 There shall the bear lose the guilt,
 And the eagill bear it away.

To the end of all this allegorical and mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition by Andro Hart, a new edition of Berlington's verses, before quoted, altered and manufactured so as to bear reference to the accession of James VI., which had just then taken place. The insertion is made, with a peculiar degree of awkwardness, betwixt a question, put by the narrator, concerning the name and abode of the person who shewed him these strange matters, and the answer of the prophet to that question:

“Then to the Bairne could I say,
 Where dwells thou, or in what countrie?
 [Or who shall rule the isle of Britane,
 From the north to the south sey?
 A French queene shall beare the sonne,
 Shall rule all Britane to the sea;
 Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,
 As neere as the nint degree:
 I frained fast what was his name,
 Where that he came, from what country.]
 In Erslingtoun I dwell at hame,
 Thomas Rymour men cals me.”

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, inclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions in Hart's collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of Sybilla and Eltraine refer to that of the Earl of Arran, afterwards Duke of Chatelherault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity. This is obvious from the following verses :

Take a thousand in calculation,
And the longest of the lyon,
Four crescents under one crowne,
With Saint Andrew's croce thrise,
Then threescore and thrise three:
Take tent to Merling truely,
Then shall the warres ended be,
And never againe rise.

In that yere there shall a king,
A duke, and no crowned king;
Becaus the prince shall be yong,
And tender of yeares.

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish regent, by means of some succours derived from France, was endeavouring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the «Moldwarte (England) by the fained hart» (the Earl of Angus.) The regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hackneyed stratagem repeated, whenever the interest of the rulers appeared to stand in need of it. The regent was not, indeed, till after this period, created Duke of Chatelherault; but that honour was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Gildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

«True Thomas me told in a troublesome time
In a harvest morn at Eldoun hills.»

The prophecy of Gildas.

In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

“Marvellous Merling, that many men of tells,
And Thomas’s sayings comes all at once.”

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwyynn Wylt, or *Merlin the Wild*, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued. That this personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the *Scotichronicon*, lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called *Lailoken*, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance, which he performs, was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixd by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:

*Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda
 Hæc tria Merlinum fertur iniri necem.
 Sicque ruit, mersusque fuit lignoque perpendi,
 Et fecit vatem per terna pericula verum.*

But, in a metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, this mode of death is attributed to a page, whom Merlin's sister, desirous to convict the prophet of falsehood, because he had betrayed her intrigues, introduced to him, under three various disguises, enquiring each time in what manner the person should die. To the first demand Merlin answered, the party should perish by a fall from a rock; to the second, that he should die by a tree; and, to the third, that he should be drowned. The youth perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the Welch authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the church-yard, the brook, called Pausayl, falls into the Tweed; and the follo-

wing prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:

When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one monarch have.

On the day of the coronation of James VI., the Tweed accordingly overflowed, and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave — PENNYCUICK'S *Hystory of Tweddale*, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the south-west of Scotland and Wales, of a nature peculiarly intimate; for I presume that Merlin would retain sense enough to chuse, for the scene of his wanderings, a country having a language and manners similar to his own.

Be this as it may, the memory of Merlin Sylvester, or the Wild, was fresh among the Scots during the reign of James V. Waldhave,* under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock

* I do not know whether the person here meant be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odour of sanctity, about 1160.

of hares and foxes * pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give

* The strange occupation, in which Waldhave beholds Merlin engaged, derives some illustration from a curious passage in Geoffrey of Monmouth's life of Merlin, above quoted. The poem, after narrating, that the prophet had fled to the forests in a state of distraction, proceeds to mention, that, looking upon the stars one clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had presaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighbourhood; and, having seated himself on a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him, with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:

the name of man. At the sight of Waldhæve,
the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit,

*Dixerat: et silvas et saltus circuit omnes,
Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum,
Et damas, capreasque simul, cervoque resedit;
Et veniente die, compellens agmina præ se,
Festinans vadit quo nubit Guendolæna.
Postquam venit eo, patienter cægit
Cervos ante fores, proclamans, «Guendolæna,
«Guendolæna, veni, te talia munera spectant.»
Ocius ergo venit subridens Guendolæna
Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum
Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posse ferarum
Uniri numerum quas præ se solus agebat,
Sicut pastor oves, quas ducere suevit ad herbas.
Stabat ab excelsa, sponsus spectando fenestra
In solio mirans equitem risumque movebat.
Ast ubi vidit eum vates, animoque quis esset,
Calluit, extemplo divulsit cornua cervo
Quo gestabatur, vibrataque jecit in illum
Et caput illius penitus contrivit, eumque
Reddidit examinem, vitamque fugavit in auras;
Ocius inde suum, talorum verbere, cervum
Diffugiens egit, silvasque redire paravit.*

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton

and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise, till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance :

"He was formed like a freike (man) all his
four quarters ;

And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With haire growing so grime, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's enquiry, concerning his name and nature, that he "drees his weird," *i. e.* does penance, in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes,

"Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt;
For I mean no more man at this time."

library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining *Specimens of Early English Romances*, lately published by Mr Ellis.

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V.; for, among the amusements, with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are

The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin.

Sir David Lindsay's epistle to the king.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the Countess of Dunbar:

This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a ladye shall go over
the fields.

The original stands thus:

When laddes weddeth lovedies.

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the regent Morton's execution. — When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says that he asked, «Who was Earl of Arran?» and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause he

«said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may
 «look for!' meaning, as was thought, that the
 «old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart* by
 «the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled.
 «Whether this was his mind or not, it is not
 «known; but some spared not, at the time when
 «the Hamiltons were banished, in which busi-
 «ness he was held too earnest, to say, that he
 «stood in fear of this prediction, and went that
 «course only to disappoint it. But, if so it was,
 «he did find himself now deluded; for he fell
 «by the mouth of another Arran than he ima-
 gined." — *Spottiswoode*, 313. The fatal words,
 alluded to, seem to be these in the prophecy
 of Merlin:

«In the mouth of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
 Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false
 traine,
 And derfly dung down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into
 which the editor has been led by the celebra-
 ted name of Merlin, the style of all these pro-
 phecies, published by Hart, is very much the
 same. The measure is alliterative, and some-
 what similar to that of *Pierce Plowman's Visi-
 ons*; a circumstance, which might entitle us to

* The heart was the cognizance of Morton.

ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that *Sir Galloran of Galloway*, and *Gawaine and Golo-gras*, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow, that during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Harte have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy; as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumæan Sybil: "Here followeth
 "a prophecie, pronounced by a noble queene
 "and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri,
 "that came to Solomon. Through the which she
 "compiled four bookes, at the instance and
 "request of the said King Sol. and other divers:
 "and the fourth book was directed to a noble
 "king, called Baldwine, king of the broad isle
 "of Britain; in the which she maketh mention
 "of two noble princes and emperours, the which

«is called Leones. How these two shall subdue,
 «and overcome all earthlie princes to their dia-
 «deme and crowne, and also be glorified and
 «crowned in the heaven among saints. The first
 «of these two is Constantinus Magnus; that was
 «Leprosus, the son of Saint Helene, that found
 «the croce. The second in the sixt king of the
 «name of Steward of Scotland, the which is our
 «most noble king » With such editors and com-
 mentators, what wonder that the text became
 unintelligible, even beyond the usual oracular
 obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these
 predictions, any verses having a claim to real
 antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover
 them from those which are comparatively mo-
 dern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found,
 in these compositions, some uncommonly wild
 and masculine expressions, the editor has been
 induced to throw a few passages together, into
 the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is
 prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no dif-
 ficult matter for him, by a judicious selection,
 to have excited, in favour of Thomas of Ercel-
 doune, a share of the admiration, bestowed by
 sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming.
 For example :

«But then the lilye shal be loused when they
least think;

Then clear king's blod shal quake for fear of
death;

For churls shal chop off heads of their chief
beirns,

And carfe of the crowns that Christ hath
appointed.

— — — — —
Thereafter on every side sorrow shal arise;

The barges of clear barons down shal be
sunken;

Seculars shal sit in spiritual seats,

Occupying offices anoointed as they were.»

¶ Taking the lily for the emblem of France,
can there be a more plain prophecy of the
murder of her monarch, the destruction of her
nobility, and the desolation of her hierarchy?

But, without looking farther into the signs
of the times, the editor, though the least of
all the prophets, cannot help thinking, that
every true Briton will approve of his applica-
tion of the last prophecy quoted in the ballad.

Harte's collection of prophecies has been
frequently printed within the century, probably
to favour the pretensions of the unfortunate fa-
mily of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of
Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. 3.

Before leaving the subject of Thomas's predictions, it may be noticed, that sundry rhymes, passing for his prophetic effusions, are still current among the vulgar. Thus, he is said to have prophesied of the very ancient family of Haig of Bemerside,

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haigh shall be Haig of Bemerside.

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their favourite soothsayer. The late Mr Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, that the Old Kirk of Kelso, constructed out of the ruins of the Abbey, should fall when "at the fullest." At a very crowded sermon, about thirty years ago, a piece of lime fell from the roof of the church. The alarm, for the fulfilment of the words of the seer, became universal; and happy were they, who were nearest the door of the predestined edifice. The church was in consequence deserted, and has never since had an opportunity of tumbling upon a full congregation. I hope, for the sake of a beautiful spe-

cimen of Saxo-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

At Eildon Tree if you shall be,
A brigg ower Tweed you there may see.

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corsepatrick (Comes Patrick,) Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erceldoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophecy of King Alexander's death, the author has chosen to introduce him into the following ballad. All the prophetic verses are selected from Harte's publication.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART SECOND.

WHEN seven years were come and gane,
The sun blinked fair on pool and stream;
And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,
Like one awakened from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed,
He saw the flash of armour flee,
And he beheld a gallant knight,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong;
Of giant make he 'peared to be:
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,
Wi' gilded spurs, of faushion free.

Says — «Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth ferlies shew to me.»

Says — «Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

«Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave,
And I will shew thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

«A storm shall roar, this very hour,
From Rosse's Hills to Solway sea.»
«Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lea.»

He put his hand on the earlie's head;
He shewed him a rock, beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff, beneath his steed,*
And steel-dight nobles wiped their e'e.

«The neist curse lights on Branxton Hills:
By Flodden's high and heathery side,
Shall wave a banner, red as blude,
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride.

* King Alexander; killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.

“A Scottish king shall come full keen;
 The ruddy lion beareth he:
 A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
 Shall make him wink and warre to see.”

“When he is bloody, and all to bledde,
 Thus to his men he still shall say —
 ‘For God’s sake, turn ye back again,
 And give yon southern folk a fray!
 Why should I lose the right is mine?
 My doom is not to die this day.’* ”

“Yet turn ye to the eastern hand,
 And woe and wonder ye sall see;
 How forty thousand spearmen stand,
 Where yon rank river meets the sea.”

“There shall the lion lose the gylte,
 And the libbards bear it clean away;
 At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be spilt
 Much gentil blude that day.”

* The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV. is well known.

“Enough, enough, of course and ban;
 Some blessing shew thou now to me,
 Or, by the faith o’ my bodie,” Corspatrick said,
 “Ye shall rue the day ye e’er saw me!”

“The first of blessings I shall thee shew,
 Is by a burn, that’s call’d of bread;*”
 Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
 And find their arrows lack the head.

“Beside that brigg, out-ower that burn,
 Where the water bickereth bright and sheen,
 Shall many a falling courser spurn,
 And knights shall die in battle keen.

“Beside a headless cross of stone,
 The libbards there shall lose the gree;

* One of Thomas’s rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs thus:

“The burn of breid
 Shall run fow reid.”

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of *bannock*, to a thick round cake of unleavened bread.

The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
 And drink the Saxon blood sae free.
 The cross of stone they shall not know,
 So thick the corses there shall be."

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
 "True Thomas, tell now unto me,
 What man shall rule the isle Britain,
 Even from the north to the southern sea?"

"A French queen shall bear the son,
 Shall rule all Britain to the sea:
 He of the Bruce's blude shall come,
 As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
 Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
 For they shall ride ower ocean wide,
 With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD — MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of *Sir Tristrem*. Of this once admired poem only one copy is known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The author, in 1804, published a small edition of this curious work; which, if it does revive the reputation of the bard of Erceldoune, is at least the earliest specimen of Scottish poetry hitherto published. Some account of this romance has already been given to the world in Mr Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 165, 3d. p. 410; a work, to which our predecessors and our posterity are alike obliged; the former, for the pre-

servation of the best selected examples of their poetical taste; and the latter, for a history of the English language, which will only cease to be interesting with the existence of our mother-tongue, and all that genius and learning have recorded in it. It is sufficient here to mention, that, so great was the reputation of the romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that few were thought capable of reciting it after the manner of the author; — a circumstance alluded to by Robert de Brunne, the annalist:

I see in song, in sedgeyng tale,
Of Erceldoun, and of Kendale.
Now thame says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semes nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gests it has the steme,
Over all that is or was;
If men it said as made Thomas, etc.

It appears, from a very curious MS. of the thirteenth century, *penes* Mr Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance, where reciters

were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Erceldoune:

Plusurs de nos granter ne volent,
 Co que del naim dire se solent,
 Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
 Li naim redut Tristram narrer,
 E entusché par grant engin,
 Quant il afole Kaherdin;
 Pur cest plaie e pur cest mal,
 Enveiad Tristran Guvernal,
 En Engleterre pur Ysolt
 THOMAS ico granter ne volt,
 Et si volt par raïsun mostrer,
 Qu' ico ne put pas esteer, etc.

The tale of *Sir Tristrem*, as narrated in the Edinburgh MS., is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticien de Puise, and analysed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance, just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

WHEN seven years more had and gone,
 Was war through Scotland spread,
 And Ruberslaw shew'd high Dunyon
 His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,
 Pitch'd palliouns took their room,
 And crested helms, and spears a rowe,
 Glanced gaily through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
 Resounds the ensenzie;*
 They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
 To distant Torwoodlee.

* *Ensenzie* — War-cry, or gathering word.

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
 In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
 And there were knights of great renown,
 And ladies laced in pall.

Nor lack'd they, while they sat at dine,
 The music, nor the tale,
 Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
 Nor mantling quaighs * of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
 When as the feast was done;
 (In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
 The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
 And harpers for envy pale;
 And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
 And hearken'd to the tale.

In numbers high, the witching tale
 The prophet pour'd along;
 No after bard might e'er avail **
 Those numbers to prolong.

**Quaighs* — Wooden cups, composed of staves
 hooped together.

** See introduction to this ballad.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
The warrior of the lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
 She bore the leech's part;
 And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
 He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
 For, doom'd in evil tide,
 The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
 His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
 In fairy tissue wove;
 Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
 In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
 High rear'd its glittering head;
 And Avalon's enchanted vale
 In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore
 And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
 Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
 O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
 In changeful passion led,
 Till bent at length the listening throng
 O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand;
 With agony his heart is wrung;
 O where is Isolde's lily hand,
 And where her soothing tongue?

She comes, she comes! like flash of flame
 Can lovers' footsteps fly:
 She comes, she comes! — she only came
 To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die: her latest sigh
 Join'd in a kiss his parting breath:
 The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
 United are in death.

There paused the harp; its lingering sound
 Died slowly on the ear;
 The silent guests still bent around,
 For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak
 Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
 But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
 Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
 The mists of evening close;
 In camp, in castle, or in bower,
 Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
 Dream'd o'er the woeful tale;
 When footsteps light, across the bent,
 The warrior's oars assail.

He starts, he wakes: — «What, Richard, ho!
 Arise, my page, arise!
 What venturous wight, at dead of night,
 Dare step where Douglas lies!»

Then forth they rush'd: by Leader's tide,
 A selcoath* sight they see —
 A hart and hind pace side by side,
 As white as snow on Fairnale.

* *Selcouth* — Wondrous.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
 They stately move and slow;
 Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
 Who marvel as they go.

To learmont's tower a message sped,
 As fast a page might run;
 And Thomas started from his bed,
 And soon his cloaths did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
 Never a word he spake but three; —
 My sand is run; my thread is spun;
 This sign regardeth me."

The elfin harp his neck around,
 In minstrel guise, he hung;
 And on the wind, in doleful sound,
 Its dying accents rung.

Then forth he went; yet turned him oft
 To view his ancient hall;
 On the grey tower, in lustre soft,
 The autumn moon-beams fall.

And Leader's waves, like silver sheen,
 Danced shimmering in the ray:
 In deepening mass, at distance seen,
 Broad Soltra's mountains lay.

«Farewell, my father's ancient tower!
 A long farewell," said he:
 "The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
 Thou never more shalt be.

«To Learmont's name no foot of earth
 Shall here again belong,
 And on thy hospitable hearth
 The hare shall leave her young.

«Adieu! Adieu!" again he cried,
 All as he turned him roun' —
 «Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
 Farewell to Ercildoune!"

The hart and hind approached the place,
 As lingering yet he stood;
 And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
 With them he crossed the flood.

Lord Douglas leaped on his berry-brown steed;
 And spurred him the Leader o'er;
 But, though he rode with lightning speed,
 He never saw them more.

Some sayd to hill, and some to glen,
 Their wondrous course had been;
 But ne'er in haunts of living men
 Again was Thomas seen.

NOTES

ON

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

PART THIRD.

And Ruberslaw shewed high Dunyon. —

P. 145. v. r.

Ruberslaw and Dunyon are two high hills above Jedburgh.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow. —

P. 145. v. 2.

An ancient tower near Erceldoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:

Vengeance, vengeance! when and where?
On the house ot Coldingknow, now and
ever mair!

The spot is rendered classical by its having
given name to the beautiful melody, called the
Broom o' the Cowdenknows.

*They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee. — P. 145. v. 3.*

Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in
Selkirkshire.

*How courteous Gawaine met the wound. —
P. 147. v. 2.*

See, in the *Fabliaux* of Monsieur le Grand,
elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way,
Esq., the tale of the *Knight and the Sword*.

*As white as snow on Fairnalie. —
P. 150. v. 5.*

An ancient seat upon The Tweed, in Selkirk-
shire. In a popular edition of the first part
of Thomas the Rhymer, the fairy queen thus
addresses him:

“Gin ye mad meet wi’ me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnalie.”

THE FIRE-KINC.

“The blessings of the evil Genii, which are
curses, were upon him.”

Eastern Tale.

This ballad was written at the request of MR LEWIS, to be inserted in his „Tales of Wonder.” It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a knight templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an
ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;

And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your
glee,
At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

O see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

«Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy
Countrie?»

And how goes the warfare by Gallilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?»

«O well goes the warfare by Gallilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians
have won.» —

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there
hung;

O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has
she flung:

«Oh palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the
Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Gallilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and Red-cross
 rushed on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

“O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure its flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar
on high;
But lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

“The green boughs they wither, the thunder-
bolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorched walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is
gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.”—

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her
speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her
need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
 Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood,
 had he;

A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
 The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

«O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st
 thou be,

Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee:
 Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
 And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

«And, next, in the cavern, where burns ever-
 more

The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
 Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou
 wake;

And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

«And, last, thou shalt aid us with council and
 hand,

To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
 For my lord and my love then Count Albert
 I'll take,

When all this is accomplished for Zulema's
 sake." —

He has thrown by his helmet and cross handled
 sword,
 Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
 He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
 For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, 'deep deep under ground,
 Which fifty steel gates and steel portals sur-
 round,
 He has watched until day break, but sight saw
 he none,
 Save the flame burning bright on its altar of
 stone.

Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
 Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they
 gazed;
 They searched all his garments, and, under
 his weeds,
 They found, and took from him, his rosary
 beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground,
 He watched the lone night, while the winds
 whistled round;

Far off was their murmur, it came not more
 nigh,
 The flame burned unmoved, and nought else
 did he spy.

Loud murmured he priests, and amazed was the
 king,
 While many dark spells of their witchcraft
 they sing;
 They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his
 breast
 Was the sign of the Cross, by his father im-
 pressed.

The priests they erase it with care and with
 pain,
 And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
 But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
 It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and
 beat,
 And he turned him five steps, half resolved to
 retreat;

But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was
gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold
scarce trod,
When the winds from the four points of heaven
were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-
King.

Full sore rocked the cavern whene'er he drew
nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguished in form,
His breath it was lightning, his voice it was
storm;

I ween the stout heart of Count Alhert was
tame,
When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of
Flame.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave,
The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the
brave;
Till Knights of the Temple, and Knights of
Saint John,
With Salem's King Baldwin, against him
came on.

The war-cymbals clattered, the trumpets re-
plied,
The lances were couched, and they closed on
each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'er-
threw,
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin
unto.

Against the charmed blade which Count Albert
did wield,
The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross
shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch
before,
And cleft the proud turban the renegade
wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped
 low
 Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddle-
 bow;
 And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his
 head, —
«Bonne grace, notre Dame!» he unwittingly
 said.

Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue
 was o'er,
 It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen
 more;
 But true men have said, that the lightning's
 red wing
 Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-
 King.

He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntletted
 hand;
 He stretched, with one buffet, that Page on
 the strand;
 As back from the stripling the broken casque
 rolled,
 You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets
 of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to
 stare
 On those death-swimming eye-balls, and blood-
 clotted hair;
 For down came the Templars, like Cedron in
 flood,
 And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
 To the scallop, the saltier, and crosletted
 shield;
 And the eagles were gorged with the infidel
 dead,
 From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain. —
 Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched mid the
 slain?

And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee? —
 Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

The Lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
 The Count he was left to the vulture and hound:
 Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
 His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red Cross it conquered, the Crescent
 it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid
 their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend MR LEWIS, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

FREDERICK leaves the land of France,
Homewards hastes his steps to measure;
Careless casts the parting glance
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,
 Keen to prove his untried blade,
 Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
 Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruined, left forlorn,
 Lovely Alice wept alone;
 Mourned o'er love's fond contract torn,
 Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
 See, the tear of anguish flows! —
 Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
 Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she prayed;
 Seven long days and nights are o'er;
 Death in pity brought his aid,
 As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
 Faithless Frederick onward rides;
 Marking, blythe, the morning's glance
 Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
 Where his head shall Frederick hide?
 Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,
 By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low,
 Fast his steed the wanderer bound;
 Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
 Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
 Glimmering lights are seen to glide! —
 "Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
 Deign a sinner's steps to guide!" —

Often lost their quivering beam,
 Still the lights move slow before,
 Till they rest their ghastly gleam
 Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
 Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;
 As they fell, a solemn strain
 Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
 Voice of friends, by death removed; —
 Well he knew that solemn air,
 'Twas the lay that Alice loved. —

Hark ! for now a solemn knell
 Four times on the still night broke;
 Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
 Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,
 Slowly opes the iron door !
 Straight a banquet met his eye,
 But a funeral's form it wore !

Coffins for the seats extend;
 All with black the board was spread;
 Girt by parent, brother, friend,
 Long since number'd with the dead !

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
 Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
 All arose, with thundering sound;
 All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
 Wild their notes of welcome swell; —
 "Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
 Perjured, bid the light farewell!"

THE
WILD HUNTSMEN.

THIS is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Burger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures, of the chace, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many various uncouth sounds heard in the depth of a

German forest, during the silence of the night. They conceived they still heard the cry of the Wildgrave's hounds; and the well-known cheer of the deceased hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, are also distinctly discriminated; but the phantoms are rarely, if ever, visible. Once, as a benighted *Chasseur* heard this infernal chace pass by him, at the sound of the halloo, with which the Spectre Huntsman cheered his hounds, he could not refrain from crying, "*Gluck zu, Falkenburgh!*" (Good sport to ye, Falkenburg!) "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice, "thou shalt share the game;" and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring *Chasseur* lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aërial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "*Sully's Memoirs*," who says he was called, *Le Grand Veneur*. At one time he

chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chace. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chace, as it was heard in the wilds of Rossshire.

«Ere since, of old, the haughty thanes of
Ross, —

So to the simple swain tradition tells, —

Were wont with clans, and ready vassals
throng'd.

To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse-winded, blowing far and
keen: —

Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes

The mountains heighs, and all the ridges round,
 Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
 Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he
 stands,

To what, or who, he owes his idle fear,
 To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
 But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

Scottish Descriptive Poems, pp. 167, 168.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesly, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted reliques had been deposited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE WILD HUNTSMEN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise."

«To-day, the ill-omen'd chace forbear,
 Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
 To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
 To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.»

«Away, and sweep the glades along!»
 The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
 «To muttering monks leave matin-song,
 And bells, and books, and mysteries.»

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
 And, launching forward with a bound,
 «Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
 Would leave the jovial horn and hound?»

«Hence, if our manly sport offend!
 With pious fools go chaunt and pray: —
 Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
 Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!»

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
 O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
 And on the left, and on the right,
 Each Stranger Horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
 A stag more white than mountain snow;
 And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
 "Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
 He gasps, the thundering hoofs below; —
 But, live who can, or die who may,
 Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
 A field with autumn's blessings crown'd;
 See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
 A husbandman, with toil embrown'd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
 Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
 "Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
 In scorching hour of fierce July." —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey;
 The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
 But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
 Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!" —
 Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
 "Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done: — A single bound
 Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
 Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
 Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
 Destructive sweep the field along;
 While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
 Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
 Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill,
 Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
 And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
 He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
 Amid the flock's domestic herd
 His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
 His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
 O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
 The furious Earl pursues the chace.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall; —
 "O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
 These herds, a widow's little all;
 These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!" —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
 The left still cheering to the prey;
 The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
 But furious keeps the onward way.

— "Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
 Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
 Though human spirits, of thy sort,
 Were tenants of those carrion kine!" —

Again he winds his bugle horn,
 "Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
 And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
 He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
 Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
 The murderous cries the stag appal, —
 Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
 While big the tears of anguish pour,
 He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
 The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
 Fast rattling on his traces go;
 The sacred chapel rung around
 With, «Hark away! and, holla ho!»

All mild, amid the route profane,
 The holy hermit pour'd his prayer; —
 «Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
 Revere his altar, and forbear!

«The meanest brute has rights to plead,
 Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
 Draw vengeance on the ruthless head: —
 Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.»

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
 The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:—
 Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
 But frantic keeps the forward way.

“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
 Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
 Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
 Not God himself, shall make me turn!” —

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
 “Hark forward, forward, holla ho!” —
 But off, on whirlwind’s pinions borne,
 The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
 And clamour of the chace, was gone;
 For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
 A deadly silence reign’d alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
 He strove in vain to wake his horn;
 In vain to call; for not a sound
 Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
 — No distant baying reach'd his ears :
 His courser, rooted to the ground ,
 The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades ,
 Dark , as the darkness of the grave ;
 And not a sound the still invades ,
 — Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
 At length the solemn silence broke ;
 And , from a cloud of swarthy red ,
 The awful voice of thunder spoke.

« Oppressor of creation fair !
 Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool !
 Scorned of God ! Scourge of the poor !
 The measure of thy cup is full.

« Be chased for ever through the wood ;
 For ever roam the affrighted wild ;
 And let thy fate instruct the proud ,
 God's meanest creature is his child. » —

'Twas hush'd: One flash, of sombre glare,
 With yellow tinged the forests brown;
 Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
 And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
 A rising wind began to sing;
 And louder, louder, louder still,
 Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; — Her entrails rend;
 From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
 Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
 The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
 His eye like midnight lightning glows,
 His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
 With many a shriek of helpless woe;
 Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
 And, «Hark away, and holla ho!»

With wild despair's reverted eye,
 Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
 With bloody fangs, and eager cry;
 In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
 Till time itself shall have an end:
 By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
 At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
 That oft the lated peasant hears;
 Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
 When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When, at this midnight mass, he hears
 The infernal cry of, "Holla ho!"

S O N G S.

Is not passed the point of return?
Contact. Not where the waves are broken
And we a difference with some grief
Or with our neighbours, distant, far
The taking in of some reflection
Or making head against a slight resistance
Alas! the old is dead, the new is born
But where we grope for the old we find
The liberty we had once had is gone
The gods we worship, old, new, are all
The gods we worship, old, new, are all

When the first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,

And the first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,

The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,

The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,

The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,
The first of the month came,


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**WAR SONG**

**OF THE**

**ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.**

*Nennius.* Is not peace the end of arms?

*Caratach.* Not where the cause implies a  
general conquest.

Had we a difference with some petty isle,  
Or with our neighbours, Britons, for our  
landmarks,  
The taking in of some rebellious lord,  
Or making head against a slight commotion,  
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:  
But where we grapple for the land we live on,  
The liberty we hold more dear than life,  
The gods we worship, and, next these, our  
honours,



And, with those, swords, that know no end of  
battle —

Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,  
Those minds, that, where the day is, claim  
inheritance,

And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their  
harvest,

And, where they march, but measure out more  
ground

To add to Rome — —

It must not be. — No! as they are our foes,  
Let's use the peace of honour — that's fair  
dealing;

But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,  
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,  
Must first begin his kindred under ground,  
And be allied in ashes." — —

BONDUCA.

This following War Song was written during the apprehension of an invasion. The corps of volunteers, to which it was addressed, was raised in 1797, consisting of gentlemen, mounted and armed at their own expence. It still subsists, as the Right Troop of the Royal Mid Lothian Light Cavalry, commanded by the Honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. The noble and constitutional measure, of arming freemen



in defence of their own rights, was nowhere more successful than in Edinburgh, which furnished a force of 3000 armed and disciplined volunteers, including a Regiment of Cavalry, from the City and Country, and two Corps of Artillery, each capable of serving twelve guns. To such a force, above all others, might, in similar circumstances, be applied the exhortation of our ancient Galgacus: "*Proinde ituri in aciem, et majores vestros et posteros cogitate.*"

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# WAR SONG

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

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To horse! to horse! the standard flies,  
The bugles sound the call;  
The Gallic navy stems the seas,  
The voice of Battle's on the breeze,  
Arouse ye, one and all!

From high Dunedin's towers we come,  
A band of brothers true;  
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,  
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd;  
We boast the red and blue.\*

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\* The Royal Colours.



Though tamely crouch to Gallias frown,  
 Dull Holland's tardy train;  
 Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn,  
 Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,  
 And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

O! had they mark'd the avenging call  
 Their brethren's murder gave,  
 Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,  
 Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,  
 Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,  
 In Freedom's temple born,  
 Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,  
 To hail a master in our isle,  
 Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land  
 Come pouring as a flood,  
 The sun, that sees our falling day,  
 Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,  
 And set that night in blood.



For gold let Gallia's legions fight,  
Or plunder's bloody gain;  
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,  
To guard our King, to fence our Law,  
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale  
Shall fan the tri color,  
Or footstep of invader rude,  
With rapine foul, and red with blood,  
Pollute our happy shore, —

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!  
Adieu each tender tie!  
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,  
Where charging squadrons furious ride,  
To conquer, or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;  
High sounds our bugle call;  
Combined by honour's sacred tie,  
Our word is, *Laws and Liberty!*  
March forward, one and all!



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NOTE.

ON

THE WAR SONG.

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*O had they mark'd the avenging call,  
 Their brethren's murder gave. — P. 195. v. 2.*

The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss guards, on the fatal 10th August 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorised the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the most virtuous and free people upon the continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.

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THE  
NORMAN HORSE - SHOE.

AIR — The War-song of the Men of Glamorgan.

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*The Welch, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of CLARE, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of NEVILLE, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.*

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I.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,  
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,



And armourers, with iron toil,  
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.  
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel  
 Around the courser's thundering heel,  
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound  
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

## II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,  
 Was heard afar the bugle horn;  
 And forth, in banded pomp and pride,  
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.  
 They swore, their banners broad should gleam,  
 In crimson light, on Rymny's stream;  
 They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel  
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

## III.

And sooth they swore — the sun arose,  
 And Rymny's wave with crimson glows;  
 For Clare's red banner, floating wide,  
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!  
 And sooth they vow'd — the trampled green  
 Shew'd where hot Neville's charge had been:  
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood  
 A Norman horseman's curdling blood!



## IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,  
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;  
Their orphans long the art may rue,  
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.  
No more the stamp of armed steed  
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;  
Nor trace be there, in early spring,  
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.



THE  
D Y N G B A R D.

AIR — Daffydz Gangwen.

*The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting, that it might be performed at his funeral.*

I.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh,  
When mute in the woodlands thine echoes  
shall die:

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,  
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing  
wave.



## II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,  
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall  
fade;  
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture  
that sung.

### III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their  
pride,  
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's  
side;  
But where is the harp shall give life to their  
name?  
And where is the bard shall give heroes their  
fame?

IV.

And Oh, Dinas Emlinn! they daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the  
dark hair;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon  
shall die?







HTE

## MAID OF TORO.

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,  
And weak were the whispers that waved the  
dark wood,  
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,  
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the  
flood.

"O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly  
bending;

Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,  
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,  
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,  
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes  
they fail,



Till the shout, and the groan, and the con-  
 flict's dread rattle,  
 And the chace's wild clamour, came loading  
 the gale.

Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;  
 Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;  
 Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,  
 Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are  
 flying!

O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian  
 is low!

Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is  
 lying;

And fast through the woodland approaches the  
 foe." —

Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,  
 And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd  
 with despair:

And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,  
 For ever he set to the Brave, and the Fair.



Cliff was his beloved, and was his mine.

And science could she bear them, penniless'd  
~~And science could she bear them, penniless'd~~  
 with despair:

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hell-  
vellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd  
misty and wide;  
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was  
yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.



On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn  
was bending,

And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One huge nameless rock in the front was as-  
cending,

When I mark'd the sad spot where the wan-  
derer had died.

Dark green was that spot mid the brown moun-  
tain-heather,

Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd  
in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to  
weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless  
clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite  
attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber;

When the wind waved his garment, how oft  
didst thou start;

didst thou start;



How many long days and long weeks didst thou  
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, Oh! was it meet, that, — no requiem  
read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore  
him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd be-  
fore him, —

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should  
depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has  
yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-light-  
ed hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;

In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are  
beaming;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,

Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.



But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek moun-  
tain lamb;  
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge  
in stature,  
And draws his last sob by the side of his  
dam.  
And more stately thy couch by this desart lake  
lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

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